All silent stands the beehive,—no little buzzing
things
Among the flowers, flutter, on brown and golden
wings.

Untasted lies the honey within the roses'
hearts,—
The master paces nearer,—he listens—lo! he
starts,
What sounds of rapturous singing! O heaven!
all alive
With strange angelic music, is that celestial
hive!

Upon his knees adoring, the master, weeping,
sees
Within a honeyed cloister, the Chalice of the
bees;
For lo! the little creatures have reared a waxen
shrine,
Wherein reposes safely the Sacred Host
Divine! . . .

O little ones, who listen unto this legend old,
(Upon my shoulder blending your locks of
brown and gold),
From out the hands of sinners whose hearts are
foul to see,
Behold! the dear Lord Jesus appeals to you
and me.

He says: "O loving children! within your
hearts prepare
A hive of honeyed sweetness where I may nestle
fair;
Make haste, O pure affections! to welcome Me
therein,
Out of the world's bright gardens, out of the
groves of Sin.

"And in the night of sorrow, (sweet sorrow,)
like the bees,
Around My Heart shall hover your wingèd
ministries,
And while ye toil, the angels shall, softly sing-
ing, come
To worship Me, the Captive of Love's Cibo-
rium!"

Eleanor C. Donnelly.

From "The Children of the Golden Sheaf."
Published by P. C. Donnelly.

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mere, a waste place; a marsh.

trellis, a frame of latticework.

waxen, made of wax. *en* is here a suffix meaning *made of*. Use *golden*, *leaden*, *wooden*, in sentences of your own.

Synonyms are words which have very nearly the same meaning. What does *revealed* mean? *cloister?* Find as many synonyms of these two words as you can. Consult your dictionary.

stalked	ep′ au lets	be hind′ hand
se date′	trudg′ ing	com pos′ ed ly
fid′ dler	strut′ ted	ap pro ba′ tion
re sumed′	af firmed′	dis a gree′ a ble
	whith er so ev′ er	

Daffy-down-dilly was so called because in his nature he resembled a flower, and loved to do only what was beautiful and agreeable, and took no delight in labor of any kind. But, while Daffy-down-dilly was yet a little boy, his mother sent him away from his pleasant home, and put him under the care of a very strict schoolmaster, who went by the name of Mr. Toil. Those who knew him best, affirmed that this Mr. Toil was a very worthy character, and that he had done more good, both to children and grown people, than anybody else in the world. Nevertheless, Mr. Toil had a severe countenance; his voice, too, was harsh; and all his ways seemed very disagreeable to our friend Daffy-down-dilly.

The whole day long, this terrible old schoolmaster sat at his desk, overlooking the pupils, or stalked about the room with a certain awful birch rod in his hand. Now came a rap over the shoulders of a boy whom Mr. Toil had caught at play; now he punished a whole class who were behindhand with their lessons; and, in short, unless a lad chose to attend constantly to his book,

he had no chance of enjoying a quiet moment in the schoolroom of Mr. Toil.

"I can't bear it any longer," said Daffy-down-dilly to himself, when he had been at school about a week. "I'll run away, and try to find my dear mother; at any rate, I shall never find anybody half so disagreeable as this old Mr. Toil." So, the very next morning, off started poor Daffy-down-dilly, and began his rambles about the world, with only some bread and cheese for his breakfast, and very little pocket money to pay his expenses. But he had gone only a short distance, when he overtook a man of grave and sedate appearance, who was trudging along the road at a moderate pace.

"Good-morning, my fine little lad," said the stranger; "whence do you come so early, and whither are you going?" Daffy-down-dilly hesitated a moment or two, but finally confessed that he had run away from school, on account of his great dislike to Mr. Toil; and that he was resolved to find some place in the world where he should never see nor hear of the old schoolmaster again. "Very well, my little friend," answered the stranger, "we will go together; for I, also, have had a great deal to do with Mr. Toil, and should be glad to find some place where his name was never heard."

They had not gone far, when they passed a

field where some haymakers were at work, mowing down the tall grass, and spreading it out in the sun to dry. Daffy-down-dilly was delighted with the sweet smell of the new-mown grass, and thought how much pleasanter it must be to make hay in the sunshine, under the blue sky, and with the birds singing sweetly in the neighboring trees and bushes, than to be shut up in a dismal schoolroom, learning lessons all day long, and continually scolded by Mr. Toil.

But, in the midst of these thoughts, while he was stopping to peep over the stone wall, he started back, caught hold of his companion's hand, and cried, "Quick, quick! Let us run away, or he will catch us!"

"Who will catch us?" asked the stranger.

"Mr. Toil, the old schoolmaster!" answered Daffy-down-dilly. "Don't you see him among the haymakers?"

"Don't be afraid," said the stranger. "This is not Mr. Toil, the schoolmaster, but a brother of his, who was bred a farmer; and people say he is the more disagreeable man of the two. However, he won't trouble you, unless you become a laborer on the farm."

They went on a little farther, and soon heard the sound of a drum and fife. Daffy-down-dilly besought his companion to hurry forward, that they might not miss seeing the soldiers.

"Quick step! Forward march!" shouted a gruff voice.

Little Daffy-down-dilly started in great dismay; and, turning his eyes to the captain of the company, what should he see but the very image of old Mr. Toil himself, with a smart cap and feather on his head, a pair of gold epaulets on his shoulders, a laced coat on his back, a purple sash round his waist, and a long sword, instead of a birch rod, in his hand! Though he held his head high and strutted like a rooster, still he looked quite as ugly and disagreeable as when he was hearing lessons in the schoolroom.

"This is certainly old Mr. Toil," said Daffy-down-dilly, in a trembling voice. "Let us run away, for fear he will make us enlist in his company!"

"You are mistaken again, my little friend," replied the stranger, very composedly. "This is not Mr. Toil, the schoolmaster, but a brother of his, who has served in the army all his life. People say he's a very severe fellow, but you and I need not be afraid of him."

"Well, well," said Daffy-down-dilly, "but, if you please, sir, I don't want to see the soldiers any more."

So the child and the stranger resumed their journey; and, by and by, they came to a house by the roadside, where some people were mak-

ing merry. Young men and rosy-cheeked girls, with smiles on their faces, were dancing to the sound of a fiddle.

"Let us stop here," cried Daffy-down-dilly to his companion; "for Mr. Toil will never dare to show his face where there is a fiddler, and where people are dancing and making merry. We shall be quite safe here."

But these last words died away upon Daffy-down-dilly's tongue; for, happening to cast his eyes on the fiddler, whom should he behold again, but the likeness of Mr. Toil, holding a fiddle bow instead of a birch rod.

"Oh, dear!" whispered he, turning pale, "it seems as if there was nobody but Mr. Toil in the world. Who could have thought of his playing on a fiddle!"

"This is not your old schoolmaster," said the stranger, "but another brother of his, who was bred in France, where he learned the profession of a fiddler. He is ashamed of his family, and generally calls himself Mr. Pleasure; but his real name is Toil, and those who have known him best, think him still more disagreeable than his brother."

"Pray let us go a little farther," said Daffy-down-dilly. "I don't like the looks of this fiddler."

Thus the stranger and little Daffy-down-

dilly went wandering along the highway, and in shady lanes, and through pleasant villages; and, whithersoever they went, behold! there was the image of old Mr. Toil.

He stood like a scarecrow in the cornfields. If they entered a house, he sat in the parlor; if they peeped into the kitchen, he was there. He made himself at home in every cottage, and, under one disguise or another, stole into the most splendid mansions.

"Oh, take me back!—take me back!" said poor little Daffy-down-dilly, bursting into tears. "If there is nothing but Toil all the world over, I may just as well go back to the schoolhouse."

"Yonder it is,—there is the schoolhouse!" said the stranger; for, though he and little Daffy-down-dilly had taken a great many steps, they had traveled in a circle, instead of a straight line. "Come; we will go back to school together."

There was something in his companion's voice that little Daffy-down-dilly now remembered; and it is strange that he had not remembered it sooner. Looking up into his face, behold! there again was the likeness of old Mr. Toil; so the poor child had been in company with Toil all day, even while he was doing his best to run away from him.

When Daffy-down-dilly became better acquainted with Mr. Toil, he began to think that his ways were not so very disagreeable, and that the old schoolmaster's smile of approbation made his face almost as pleasant as the face of his own dear mother. *Nathaniel Hawthorne.*

"Little Daffy-down-dilly and Other Stories."
Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Publishers.

How will the following sentences read if you change the name-words from the singular to the plural form: The old schoolmaster has a rod in his hand. The boy likes his teacher. The girl goes cheerfully on an errand for her mother. The pupil attends to his book, and knows his lesson perfectly. Under the blue sky, and while the bird was singing sweetly in tree and bush, the farmer was making hay in his meadow. The man won't trouble him unless he becomes a laborer on his farm. The captain had a smart cap and feather on his head, a laced coat on his back, a purple sash round his waist, and a long sword instead of a birch rod in his hand.

From points furnished by your teacher, write a short composition on "Our School." Be careful as to spelling, capitals, punctuation, paragraphs, margin, penmanship, neatness, and general appearance.

Memory Gems:

Evil is wrought by want of thought,
As well as want of heart. *Hood.*

It is not where you are, but what you are, that determines your happiness.

su′ macs	char′ coal	of fi′ cial
fres′ coes	in i′ tial	rest′ less ly

Still sits the schoolhouse by the road,
A ragged beggar sunning;
Around it still the sumacs grow
And blackberry vines are running.

Within, the master's desk is seen,
Deep scarred by raps official;
The warping floor, the battered seats,
The jackknife's carved initial;

The charcoal frescoes on its wall;
Its door's worn sill, betraying
The feet that, creeping slow to school,
Went storming out to playing!

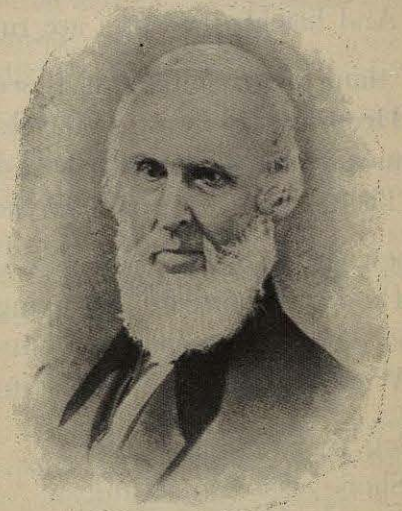
Long years ago a winter sun
Shone over it at setting;
Lit up its western window-panes,
And low eaves' icy fretting.

It touched the tangled golden curls,
And brown eyes full of grieving,
Of one who still her steps delayed
When all the school were leaving.

For near her stood the little boy
Her childish favor singled;
His cap pulled low upon a face
Where pride and shame were mingled.

IN SCHOOL DAYS

Pushing with restless feet the snow
To right and left, he lingered;
As restlessly her tiny hands
The blue-checked apron fingered.



John G. Whittier.

He saw her lift her eyes; he felt
The soft hand's light caressing,
And heard the tremble of her voice,
As if a fault confessing:

"I'm sorry that I spelt the word;
I hate to go above you,
Because,"—the brown eyes lower fell,—
"Because, you see, I love you!"

THE SUN'S FAMILY

Still memory to a gray-haired man
That sweet child-face is showing.
Dear girl! the grasses on her grave
Have forty years been growing!

He lives to learn, in life's hard school,
How few who pass above him
Lament their triumph and his loss,
Like her,—because they love him.

From "Child Life in Poetry." *Whittier.*
Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Publishers.

THE SUN'S FAMILY

Mars	Mer′ cu ry	tel′ e scope
so′ lar	di am′ e ter	grad′ u al ly
Ve′ nus	com′ pass es	in′ ter est ing
plan′ ets	sat′ el lite	cir cum′ fer ence

"Please tell me a story, Frank," said Philip, as the two boys sat in the shade of a large tree.

"I have heard and read many wonderful stories. I will try to recall one," said Frank.

"Let me see. Well—perhaps—I think that the most wonderful story I have ever read is that of the solar system, or the sun's family."

"Solar system!" repeated Philip. "That certainly sounds hard enough to puzzle even a fairy. Please tell me all about it."

"That I should find much too hard," answered Frank. "But I'll try to tell you what little I know. You see the sun there, don't you —the great, shining sun? Do you think the sun moves?"

"Of course it moves," said Philip. "I always see it in the morning when I am in the garden. It rises first above the bushes, then over the trees and houses; by evening it has traveled across the sky, when it sinks below the houses and trees, out of sight on the other side of the town."

"Now, that is quite a mistake," said Frank. "You think that the sun is traveling all that way along the sky, whereas it is really we—we on this big ball of earth—who are moving. We are whirling around on the outer surface, rushing on at the rate—let me think—at the rate of more than one thousand miles a minute!"

"Frank, what do you mean?" cried Philip.

"I mean that the earth is moving many times faster than a ball moves when shot from the mouth of a cannon!"

"Do you expect me to believe that, Frank? I can hardly believe that this big, solid earth moves at all; but to think of it with all the cities, towns, and people whirling round and round faster than a ball from the mouth of a cannon, while we never feel that it stirs one inch,—this

is much harder to believe than all that the fairies have ever told us."

"Yes, but it is quite true for all that," replied Frank.

"I have learned much about the motions of the planets, and viewed the stars one night through a telescope. As I looked through this instrument, the stars appeared to me much larger than ever before. The earth is a planet, and there are besides our earth seven large planets and many small ones, which also whirl around the sun. Some of these planets are larger than our world. Some of them also move much faster.

"The sun is in the middle with the planets moving around him. The one nearest to the sun is Mercury."

"It must be hot there!" cried Philip.

"I dare say that if we were in Mercury we should be scorched to ashes; but if creatures live on that planet, God has given them a different nature from ours, so that they may enjoy what would be dreadful to us.

"The next planet to Mercury is Venus. Venus is sometimes seen shining so bright after sunset; then she is called the evening star. Some of the time, a little before sunrise, she may be seen in the east; she is then called the morning star.

"Venus can never be an evening star and a morning star at the same time of the year. If you are watching her this evening before or after sundown, there is no use getting up early tomorrow to look for her again. For several weeks Venus remains an evening star, then gradually disappears. Two months later you may see her in the east—a bright morning star.

"Our earth is the third planet, and Mars is the fourth from the sun. Now let us make a drawing of what we have been talking about.

"First open the compasses one inch; describe a circle, and make a dot on its circumference, naming it Mercury. Write on this circle eighty-eight days; this shows the time it takes Mercury to travel around the sun. Make another circle three and one-half inches in diameter and make a dot on it. This represents Venus. It takes Venus two hundred twenty-five days to journey around the sun.

"The next circle we have to draw is a very interesting one to us. The compasses must be opened two and one-half inches. The path made represents the journey we take in three hundred sixty-five days.

"One more circle must be drawn to complete our little plan. This circle must be eight inches in diameter. You see Mars is much farther from the sun than our earth is. It takes him

six hundred eighty-seven days to make the trip around the sun. The other planets are too far away to be put in this plan."

"O, Frank, you have missed the biggest of all—the moon!" said Philip.

"O, no, no!" exclaimed Frank. "The moon is quite a little ball. It is less than seven thousand miles around her, while our earth is twenty-five thousand miles around."

"Is that a little ball, Frank?"

"Yes, compared with the sun and the planets. The moon is what is called a satellite—that is, a servant or an attendant. She is a satellite of our earth. She keeps circling round and round our earth, while we go circling round and round the sun.

"How fast the moon must travel! If I were to go rushing round a field, and a bird should keep flying around my head, you see that the movements of the bird would be much quicker than mine."

"I can't understand it, Frank," said Philip. "The moon always looks so quiet in the sky. If she is darting about like lightning, why is it that she scarcely seems to move more than an inch in ten minutes?"

"I suppose," said Frank, after a thoughtful silence, "that what to us seems an inch in the sky is really many miles. You know how very

fast the steam cars seem to go when one is quite near them, yet I have seen a train of cars far off which seemed to go so slowly that I could fancy it was painted on the sky."

"Yes, that must be the reason; but how do people find out these curious things about the sun and the stars—to know how large they are and how fast they go?" asked Philip.

"That is something we shall understand when we are older," said Frank. "We must gain a little knowledge every day."

"Is the earth the only planet that has a moon?" asked Philip.

"Mercury and Venus have no moons. Mars has two, and Jupiter has four, but we can see them only when we look through a telescope," replied Frank.

"Are all the twinkling stars which one sees on a fine clear night, planets?" inquired Philip.

"Those that twinkle are not planets; they are fixed stars," said Frank. "A planet does not twinkle. It has no light of its own. It shines just as the moon shines, because the sun gives it light."

"But our earth does not shine!" said Philip.

"Indeed it does," explained Frank. "Our earth appears to Venus and Mars as a shining planet."

"There must be many more fixed stars than

planets, then, for almost every star that I can see twinkles and sparkles like a diamond. Do these fixed stars all go around the sun?" asked Philip.

"O, Philip! haven't you noticed that they are called fixed stars to show that they do not move like planets? The word *planet* means *to wander*. These fixed stars are suns themselves, which may have planets of their own. They are so very far away that we cannot know much about them, except that they shine of themselves just as our sun does.

"We know that our sun gives light and heat to the planets and satellites with which he is surrounded. We know that without his warm rays there would not be any flowers or birds or any living thing on the earth. So we can easily imagine that all other suns are shining in the same way for the worlds that surround them."

Make a drawing of the sun and the three planets nearest it, as directed in the lesson.

Fill each blank space in the following sentences with the correct form of the action-word *draw:*

My boys like to ———.

Yesterday they ——— the picture of an old mill.

They are now ——— a picture of the solar system.

The lines on the blackboard were ——— by John.

He ——— well.

dew′ y	ca ress′	wreaths	brook′ let
clos′ es	twined	weath′ er	to geth′ er

We roam the hills together,
In the golden summer weather,
Will and I;
And the glowing sunbeams bless us,
And the winds of heaven caress us,
As we wander hand in hand
Through the blissful summer land,
Will and I.

Where the tinkling brooklet passes
Through the heart of dewy grasses,
Will and I
Have heard the mock-bird singing,
And the field lark seen upspringing,
In his happy flight afar,
Like a tiny wingèd star—
Will and I.

Amid cool forest closes,
We have plucked the wild wood-roses,
Will and I;
And have twined, with tender duty,
Sweet wreaths to crown the beauty
Of the purest brows that shine
With a mother-love divine,
Will and I.

Ah! thus we roam together,
Through the golden summer weather,
Will and I;
While the glowing sunbeams bless us,
And the winds of heaven caress us,
As we wander hand in hand
O'er the blissful summer land,
Will and I.

Paul H. Hayne.

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closes, small inclosed fields.

Write about what you and Will *saw*, *heard*, and *did*, as you roamed together over the hills, through the woods, along the brooklet, on a certain bright, clear day in early summer. You are a country boy and Will is your city cousin. If you begin your composition by saying, " It was a beautiful afternoon towards the end of June," keep the image of the day in mind till the end of the paragraph; tell what *made* the day beautiful,—such as the sun, the sky, the trees, the grass. In other paragraphs tell the things you saw and heard in the order in which you saw and heard them. Give a paragraph to what you did in the " closes " of the cool forest, and why you plucked the wild flowers. Conclude by telling what a pleasant surprise you gave mother on your return home; and how she surprised you two hungry boys during supper.

In your composition, use as many of the words and phrases of the poem as you can.

themes
her′ e sy
ramp′ ant
a chieved′
es cort′ ed
po ta′ toes
trem′ u lous
lux u′ ri ous
cre du′ li ty
in cred′ i ble
phe nom′ e non
pre ma ture′ ly

Then up rose Mrs. Cratchit, dressed out but poorly in a twice-turned gown, but brave in ribbons, which are cheap; and she laid the cloth, assisted by Belinda Cratchit, second of her daughters, also brave in ribbons; while Master Peter Cratchit plunged a fork into the saucepan of potatoes, and getting the corners of his monstrous shirt-collar (Bob's private property, conferred upon his son and heir in honor of the day) into his mouth, rejoiced to find himself so gallantly attired. And now two smaller Cratchits, boy and girl, came tearing in, screaming that outside the baker's they had smelt the goose, and known it for their own; and, basking in luxurious thoughts of sage and onions, they danced about the table, and exalted Master

Peter Cratchit to the skies, while he (not proud, although his collar nearly choked him) blew the fire, until the potatoes, bubbling up, knocked loudly at the saucepan-lid to be let out and peeled.

"What has ever kept your precious father, then?" said Mrs. Cratchit. "And your brother, Tiny Tim? And Martha wasn't as late last Christmas Day by half an hour!"

"Here's Martha, mother!" cried the two young Cratchits. "Hurrah! There's *such* a goose, Martha!"

"Why, bless your heart alive, my dear, how late you are!" said Mrs. Cratchit, kissing her a dozen times, and taking off her shawl and bonnet for her with officious zeal.

"We'd a deal of work to finish up last night, and had to clear away this morning, mother!"

"Well, never mind so long as you are come," said Mrs. Cratchit. "Sit ye down before the fire, my dear, and have a warm, Lord bless ye!"

"No, no! There's father coming," cried the two young Cratchits, who were everywhere at once. "Hide, Martha, hide!"

So Martha hid herself, and in came the father, with at least three feet of comforter, exclusive of the fringe, hanging down before him; and his threadbare clothes darned up and brushed, to look seasonable; and Tiny Tim upon